

THE STATE JOURNAL

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF TOPEKA

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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THE STATE JOURNAL has a regular average daily local circulation in Topeka of more than all other Capital City dailies combined, and double that of its principal competitor—a very creditable morning newspaper.

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THE STATE JOURNAL Press Room is equipped with the latest and most perfect printing press—the handiest and fastest piece of printing machinery in the state.

The Ferris wheel has been shipped to New York. It seems to be going the rounds.

Not every man who goes fishing on Decoration day is a follower of Grover the first.

It is not strange that the Ft. Wayne policemen should strike; they are so much on the beat.

The people hardly know whether they owe allegiance to the Standard oil trust or Grover Cleveland.

DECORATION DAY is notable in certain places, principally for the fact that two games of base ball are played on it.

ABOUT the only way for the administration to keep gold from going out of the country is to declare an embargo.

The senate spent eight hours discussing the question of free lumber, and yet it expects to get through by June 15.

CONGRESS doesn't meet today and this will give everybody a chance to see how good they would feel if it would adjourn.

TALMAGE says the czar of Russia is the kindest of men. He can afford to be so with the Brooklyn preacher 4,000 miles away.

The Topeka Coxey army are so well drilled that Captain Artz had better not say "fall in" when the Missouri river is reached.

SYMPATHY for the man found dead in the capitol grounds at Washington, is not what it might have been had he not worn a pink shirt.

Those who contributed money to help Artz and his company out of town will be disappointed to hear that he will "wait for marching orders."

SENATOR PEPPER says some men you must reason with and some you must take by the throat. A better course with some men is to pull their whiskers.

DISPATCHES announce almost simultaneously that society is leaving the national capital and that Breckinridge has returned to Washington.

If General Kelly expects any of the audience to hear him when he speaks from the balcony over the capitol grounds, he will have to use weighty words.

GENERAL WEAVER will move into the Ninth Iowa district in order to run for congress. As a perpetual candidate Mr. Weaver makes Cleveland's pretensions ridiculous.

The editors of Oklahoma are in session at Guthrie. A vote of incompetency will probably be passed upon the Guthrie editors who shot ten times at each other without hitting.

MICHAEL SCHWAB, the anarchist, whom Governor Altgeld pardoned, has become an American citizen by law, and if he will now only act like one, the past may in a measure be forgotten.

The unknown man who was found dead on the capitol grounds with only one cent in his pocket, had probably just returned from a conference with senators relative to some legislation he desired.

ONE is hardly safe in venturing any sort of opinion about Kansas coal miners with the hope of having it uncontradicted. If men will strike when their wages are raised it is hard to tell where to find them.

REPRESENTATIVE OUTWATER of Ohio was renominated without opposition. The disposition of Ohio Democrats to sacrifice themselves seems to be no stronger than in other parts of the country.

NEW YORK PRESS: Senator Brice, who now declares that the newspapers are responsible for delaying the tariff bill, said only a few days ago that he wasn't reading the newspapers. It is to be feared that Mr. Brice is suffering from kinks in his intellect.

IF the newspaper correspondents Edwards, Shriver and Walker have proof for their statements of a deal with the sugar trust, they should by all means be made to divulge it. The men whose confidence they say they will not violate, cannot afford to remain silent.

STICK TO PROHIBITION.

If there has ever been a time since the passage of the prohibitory amendment, when there was a good reason for placing an endorsement of prohibition in the Republican platform of the state, that reason exists with as much force today. The opposition to the enforcement of the law is just as strong as ever it was. The law is being violated as widely and as openly today as ever it has been. Its enemies have abated none of their activity. Why then do we hear so much talk about leaving prohibition out of the platform? It has been in there fourteen years, during which time the Republican party has won its greatest victories, reaching the magnificent plurality of \$2,000.

The people who are now threatening to leave the party if prohibition is endorsed, have made the same threats biennially since 1880. In 1890 they did leave and we were enabled to count them. There were about 20,000 of them, but the election was followed by two more years of Republican supremacy.

This class of voters are saying this year that we must "redeem Kansas" and in order to do that there must be no issues. In other words we are asked to formulate a platform which will be a mass of generalities, meaning all things to all men and nothing to anybody, and ignore every vital issue. But they say prohibition is not an issue. How will they reconcile this statement with their criticism of the Populists during the past four years for ignoring this same question? If it was an issue four years ago, or two years ago it is an issue now.

If the great and once proud Republican party is going to play the part of a coward in this campaign and forsake or espouse a principle merely for the sake of holding a few votes, the platform makers would better look well before they leap. There is another class of voters that has stood by the party through thick and thin, never wavering in its allegiance, because it was believed that in the Republican party lay the future moral welfare of the people. The class referred to is made up of the membership of the evangelical churches, and probably includes a much larger number of voters than any other class. Might not these voters, believing themselves forsaken, conclude to vote for a party known to espouse the cause dearest to their hearts?

If it is proposed to make a platform to catch the largest number of voters then it would better be made to accord with the views of the moral and temperance element because in the language of an old and well remembered citizen, there's more of 'em.

This is not a good year to make experiments. Two years ago the Republican party tried to cover every question with its platform, and wandered far and wide into untried fields.

The result is with us today. Now it is proposed to go to the opposite extreme, and forsaking all the time honored principles of the party in Kansas, to make a platform that does not cover any thing.

What good is hoped for from all this floundering around? The time has gone by when a party can win the votes of the people on its past history. Living issues cannot be ignored.

"Redeem Kansas" is all right as far as it goes, but what shall it profit a party that wins a state for two years and loses it for all time thereafter?

Who will redeem Kansas from the curse that will inevitably follow the abandonment of prohibition by its only friend?

There could be no greater humiliation for the party than to sacrifice its principles for success and then lose the state. An honorable defeat with our faces turned toward the enemy is near to victory. Victory so won becomes a triumph. Be careful what you do, gentlemen of the convention. One more mistake as great as that of two years ago and the difficulty of redeeming the state will be greatly increased. They never come back—that is some of them don't. Better stick to the bridge that has given you safe passage in the past.

THE noted Rev. M. M. Mangasarian of Chicago, who lectured before the society for Ethical Culture in the Grand opera house at Chicago last Sunday morning said:

In one respect America has disappointed the hopes of civilization. A nation is not properly governed where hundreds and thousands roam on the streets, workless and worthless, to be swept some day into its prisons and jails. At present justice is not the victor in the conflicts of the day. In politics it is justice that is the victim. American politics is narrow and low. It is in the hands of men who are not the intellectual and moral leaders of the people. It is the schemer, the saloon-keeper, the wire puller, the briber, who plays the leading role in the elections. Is it any wonder that in the political conflict justice is in the dust, torn and mangled under the hoofs of greed and grab?

The Rev. Mr. Mangasarian speaks to the point. If this is "calamity howling," make the most of it. If the best people of this country don't take charge of its politics pretty soon, there is reason to expect calamity enough to set everybody howling.

Gold Receipts Increase 411 Per Cent.
DENVER, May 31.—The gold receipts at the Denver mint in May amount to \$506,913. In May, 1893, the receipts were \$99,148; showing a gain for the present month of 411 per cent. But for the trouble at Cripple Creek, the receipts would have been larger.

New Steamships Ordered.
BREMEN, May 30.—The North German Lloyd company has ordered four new steamships of 4,000 tons each. Two of the new vessels have been ordered from the Vulcan company, and two from the Germania ship building company of Kiel.

THE THIRTIETH OF MAY.

These are not all
Here by the wall
Is the grave of one who died in the war,
Though her body hadn't a wound or scar.
Her hope and heart was broken when
In a mass of men
Her lover fell in a pool of gore
With the flag he bore.
Her life and her love together died
When he was dead.
Any vi'lets left, girls? Let them fall
Here by the wall.

These are not all
Go back and call
The boys that carry the evergreen.
Here's a grave you men hadn't seen.
It's old man Brown's. His heart clean broke
Most as if he was womanfolk.
He had five sons—his wife was dead.



UNCLE JOHN IN THE CEMETERY AFTER THE DECORATION.

Nothin could keep 'em home, he said,
And every last one of 'em that lived on
Had to get shot!
Th' old man hadn't no grit, no pride—
Just up and died!

Lay the evergreen softly down,
O'er the grave of old man Brown.
Lay lilies here.

These are not all
Lilies fall
Here on this wee small grave in the shade,
I can remember the day we laid
The captain's baby in this green spot.

Cap, he was shot
And some fool neighbor made haste to tell
The captain's widdie the news, and—well,
Down she went in a faint—just fell
And it killed the baby she lived on,
Health and reason forever gone.
Lay lilies here.

Was that a tear?
I went to the war myself that year.
Put roses here.

This grave is dear—
She was my sister. The truest heart,
Always ready to do her part.
Gave up her son
When the first gun
Thundered at Sumter! She had but one,
And she died when
(With stronger men)

He starved to death in a prison pen.
(The boy she had fed and clothed and kissed,
And done for, so that he hardly missed
His father—dead when he was a child).
She never smiled.
She loved red roses when he was small.
Here let them fall.

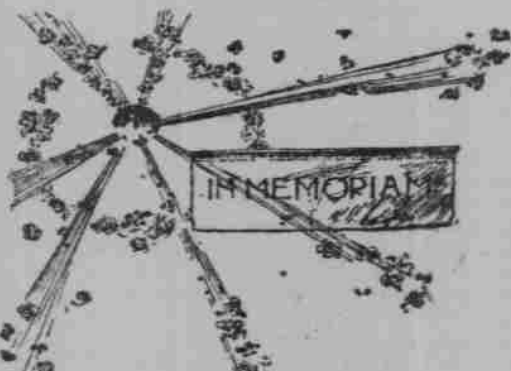
We honor the soldiers. But they ain't all!
—Mrs. McVean Adams.

Memorial Day Sentiment.
There is no danger that the real meaning or the true significance of Memorial day will be forgotten while thoughts of valor and patriotism have power to stir the soul of the American citizen.

It is indeed increasingly evident that this day, set apart in honor of the nation's heroic dead—whether they fought for the freedom of the colonies or defended American rights on sea or rallied around the flag when the Union was assailed—will find ever broader and truer observance as the years go by.

Honor for the brave dead, love of country, loyalty, reverence—these are the noble teachings which Memorial day emphasizes upon young and old alike. If such high ideals shall be sought and prized, as they should by the coming citizens of these United States, there is, there can be no doubt as to the glorious future of this republic of republics.—Boston Globe.

The sword is green where lie in peaceful rest
The thousands who once bore our banner
high.
Not fished to hear the hoarse, discordant
cry
Of war's outsiders while the direful quest
Of shot and shell for gallant hearts was pressed
To bitter vantage. Now with selfish sigh
Did they repine who, fearing not to die,
Had yet to wait the moment Christ has blessed
Through feeble years. The welcome sudden fall
In fierce, impetuous conflict and the patient
pain
Of those who sprang obedient to her call
The majesty of law to thus maintain
Columbia holds in pride perennial.
Remembering that no hero dies in vain.
—Adelaide Cilley Waldron.



The Glory of Memorial Day.

I have never been able to think of the day as one of mourning. I have never quite been able to feel that half masted flags were appropriate on Decoration day. I have rather felt that the flag should be at the peak, because those whose dying we commemorate rejoiced seeing it where their valor placed it. We honor them in a joyous, thankful, triumphant commemoration of what they did. We mourn for them as comrades from whom we have departed, but we feel the glory of their dying, and the glory of their achievement has set them in an imperishable roll of honor.—Benjamin Harrison.

A Chance For Girls.
No, you won't be compelled to march in the procession, young ladies, if you enlist with the Daughters of Veterans, but you can stand shoulder to shoulder on the pavement or fill several rows of seats in the reviewing stands and cheer your favorite posts as they march along. You can wear post colors, too, and flaunt them after the manner of girls doting on a college crew or baseball nine.

SOME JOCLAR JINGLES.

Revolt of the Babies.
DEAR MISTER EDITOR—We little children ask
your aid
To help us in our very righteous war to date
crusade.
We crave your ready sympathy, because we
think it plain
No "Tit-Bit" of humanity can plead to you in
vain.

The inconveniences of life are terrible to us,
Poor victims of conventional, unnecessary fuss.
Supposing, sir, you asked a friend to share your
weight of woes,
And he called you "chickabiddy" with un-
meaning "catch-a-bo's!"

Well, that is how we're treated when for sym-
pathy we cry.
Or else we have to listen to a puerile lullaby,
Ridiculously silly, with such grave defects of
style,
That, were it not so painful, 't would provoke a
baby's smile.

You may guess such shocking twaddle most
injurious we find.
It has a very weakening effect upon the mind.
The acutest of intelligence faints and falls and
drops
If you feed it on such very unimaginative slop.

We don't want bits of Shakespeare for our in-
tellectual feast,
But we think a misor poet's lay to be the very
least.
That can ever conscientiously before a babe be
placed—
A lay, of course, appealing to a cultivated
taste.

Then when our nurses with us pace the verdure
of the parks,
In the confidential company of military sparks,
We think that chivalry itself most certainly
debars
Those sparks from choking us with smoke from
tewpenny cigars.

Then the culinary principle on which our food
is dressed
Is really too absurd to be in common words ex-
pressed.
Monotonous is that marks our bill of fare
Is far more irritating than our parents are
aware.

We wonder how papa would like to take his
evening nap
On nothing more substantial than a small tu-
reen of pap,
And how would our big brothers like on end-
less slops to feed
And pass their leisure hours away without a
single weed?

No banquets we're invited to, no fashionable
balls;
We know not pleasures of the play, delights of
music hall;
But every day and all day long we hear the
hours chime,
With no congenial company to help to kill the
time.

And so, dear Mr. Editor, we hope you'll heed
our plea
And help us to a higher life, more varied, fresh
and free.
"Strong meat" is all we ask for, as we sound
the war's alarms
And sign ourselves yours faithfully as well as
BABS IN ARMS.

Tit-Bits.
The Season.
How dear to my heart are the scenes of my
childhood.
Noting of course an exception or two;
Notably when I staid home as requested
And pushed the lawn mower the rank, tough
grass through.
Caught by my father when stalled in the
fence
I gave vent to language to print quite unfit.
Grabbed by the collar and dragged to the
woodshed
And for days intervening unable to sit.
The rusty lawn mower, the edgewise lawn
mower.
The meanest lawn mower that ever I knew.
—Detroit Tribune.

When Our Wives Vote.
I'm going to the caucus, John.
So don't you go away.
But cook must come for I suspect
We'll need her vote today.

Now, when you've made the beds, John,
And dusted all the rooms,
Go out and do the marketing,
But don't buy meat at Vroom's!

Last caucus his wife bolted
And nearly spoiled my plan
By voting with the anti-slaves
To nominate a man!

Now, mind you put the kettle on
And bake the meat yourself,
And don't forget the baby, John—
His bottle's on the shelf!

The paragon's on the stand.
Now, John, mind what I say!
Ten drops in wine every hour.
Come, cook! There, John, good day.
—New York Sun.

Take a Day Off.
Hills—they look so pretty way off,
Set a feller wishin'.
Kinder think I'll take a day off
An go fishin'.

In the fields they've raked the hay off
Jaybirds all the day.
Kinder think I'll take a day off
An go shootin'.

Rivers where the lilies lay off—
Swallows crost 'em skimming.
Kinder think I'll take a day off
An go swimmin'.

—Atlanta Constitution.

In Church.
Across the aisle I see her kneel,
While her pure thought to heaven
wings.
There is no sign upon her brow
Of worldly care or temporal things.

But I am sure she would not kneel
Quite so demurely if she knew
The sunlight through the painted glass
Had dyed her features green and blue.
—Life.

Heartrending.
Lobengula—Do you know that the beard-
ed lady died last night?
Young Man—Afraid of the Soap—Yes, I
heard about it. It's awful sad. She left
a wife and three children.—Life.

Sagacity.
The Pretty Housemaid (angrily opening
the door two inches)—Well, what do you
want?
Sharp (the peddler)—Oh—er—pardon
me, madam. I'm sorry to disturb you.
It was one of your servants to whom I
wished to show my goods.

The pretty housemaid buys \$5 worth of
things she can never use.—Chicago Record.

And She Said, "Oh, George!"
Laura—I'll just bet you will never mar-
ry.
George—I'll take you—Chicago Trib-
une.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Items of Interest About Topeka People and Visitors in Town.

The high school alumni will give a reception to the class of '94 on Thursday evening in Library hall. A short programme has been arranged, and the Alhambra mandolin club will play during the evening. Hon. James A. Troutman will deliver an address; Chas. D. Welch, the president of the alumni, will speak, and Clarence Evans will respond for the class of '94.

A quartette, composed of Messrs. Paul Torrington, Walter Noble, Ed Epps and Chester Culver, will sing.

All the boys and girls, whether old or young, who have attended high school, are invited to be present, and they will surely have a good time.

Light refreshments will be served in the anterooms of the stage.

General Social Notes.
Miss Mary McCabe has resigned her position as society editor of the Capital, and will be employed after next Monday by the New York Life Insurance company. Miss McCabe has been occupied in journalistic work for the past five years, and during that time has gained the esteem and friendship of a large circle of society and business people than perhaps any other young woman in the state. She is exceedingly bright and has won a most enviable reputation in newspaper work. The best wishes of a host of friends will go with her in her new duties.

Miss Emma E. Chase will entertain the ladies' society of the First M. E. church Thursday evening, May 31.

Mrs. G. M. Seward will leave Saturday for Kansas City, and from there will go to Chicago to spend the summer.

Misses May Evans, Mary Harris and Effie Jones, who were visiting friends in town, have returned home to Arvonia.

Mrs. E. J. Donnell of Stockton, Kansas county, is visiting with her daughter, Mrs. N. N. Neher, until after the Washburn commencement, when her son Hugh V. Donnell will graduate.

Miss Lou McLaughlin is the guest of Mrs. Emma Everts.

Miss Nellie Buchanan, of Denver, is visiting Mrs. Neil at 511 Tyler street.

Mrs. J. Thomson of Monmouth, Ill., arrived today to visit Mrs. C. A. Stultz.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Greenbaum are the guests of Mrs. S. Greenbaum.

Mrs. A. Washburn will entertain a few friends this evening.

Harry Archer, of Chicago, is in town for a few days.

Miss Maud Cogswell, of Leavenworth, is the guest of Mrs. C. D. Majora.

Mrs. John Price who has been visiting her daughter, Miss Jennie Price, returned to Arvonia today.

Mrs. H. H. Hazlett and family will leave Monday for Chicago to make their home.

Miss Beattie Blewett, of Kansas City, who visited Mrs. A. Washburn last week has returned to her home.

The Pansy club will meet Tuesday afternoon, June 5, with Miss Marguerite Bradley.

A fashionable young matron here has been brave enough to adopt the new bicycling suit with the divided skirt and leggings. Her first appearance will probably attract considerable attention but after the wonder has subsided she will undoubtedly have many followers.

Mr. G. W. Stoner, of Cameron, Mo., is visiting in town.

Mrs. Ira Howe is spending a couple of days in Kansas City.

Mrs. Frank Cogswell is very ill at her home on Monroe street.

Mr. Ira Howe is Minneapolis, Minn., on business.

Miss Nettie Smith, of Atchison, is visiting Mrs. D. A. Wolf.

Miss Annie Correll has returned to Burlington.

Mrs. C. C. McClintock's Party.
Mrs. J. C. McClintock threw open her pretty home on Fillmore street this afternoon and extended cordial hospitality to nearly a hundred friends. The usual pleasures of a thimble party prevailed and several guests contributed considerably to the afternoon's enjoyment with music and recitations. Miss Vera Low and Ollie O'Brien played, Louise Burnham, Almes Crandell and Helen McClintock recited, and Mrs. Burnham and Mrs. C. J. Brown sang.

The decorations were simple, yet very effective and masses of daisies and catalpa blossoms filled innumerable jardiniere in the hall and sitting room; daisies and palms were used exclusively in the first parlor, and in the second the grate was filled in with daisies and asparagus fern, and luxuriant fuschia stood nearly as high as the mantle, in full bloom.

A full view of the conservatory might be obtained from here, and the library at the west was all in pink roses. In the dining room the prevailing colors were yellow and green and lunch was served from here on small tables.

The affair was given in honor of the hostess's sister, Mrs. Merritt of San Francisco, and the invited guests were Mesdames Dr. Righter, Freeman, Fred Freeman, S. Bear, Harry Frost, Robt. Steele, W. Geo. Whitcomb, Horace Hall, Willard Hall, P. B. Smith, J. Weiss, D. L. Lakin, Dan Small, W. G. Smyser, Dell Small, J. M. Meade, J. L. Van Houten, A. H. Bates, M. A. Low, John Small, Clara Campbell, H. E. Ball, C. S. Gleed, Dr. Guibor, W. McCa. Green, P. Elliott, Dr. Martin, Miss Main, Albert Latham, H. T. Daniels, D. W. Nellie Cook, Burnham, Cochran, Bailey, Ed Sims, Kimball, Dr. Storrs, Edwin Knowles, C. B. Smith, A. K. Rowley, B. Ward, J. B. Hayden, C. S. Sutton, W. A. Morton, Smith, C. B. Reed, J. A. Troutman, A. H. Thompson, John E. Lord, W. W. Webb, Schuyler Nicholas, Geo. W. Crane, W. A. S. Bird, H. Crosby, A. P. Wilder, M. P. Hilyer, Henderson, Strickler, R. H. C. Searle, Eugene Wear, Dunning, T. H. Church, C. J. Brown, H. K. Teft, Best, Bedden, Dean Mills, L. H. Snow, Ellis Thompson, Miss Doda, T. B. Sweet, Crandell, Harriett McClintock, R. G. Ward, W. Bates and Misses Gertrude Smith, Ollie O'Brien and Miss Kiblinger.

At Merrill Springs.
The following people are spending the day at Merrill Springs: Mr. and Mrs. Fred Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Pounds, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cole, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Webb, Mr. and Mrs. Speed Hughes, Misses Corinna Wharry and Glenna Cross, Ed. Cruise and Al Evans.

Items in Social Circles.
Miss Susie Pendleton entertained a few friends very pleasantly last evening for Miss Rose L. Pendleton of Burlington and Miss Ella Parker of Riverdale, Kans.

Mr. Nat E. Harris of Chicago, is in the city, the guest of Abe J. August. Mr. Harris is a brother of Chas. K. Harris, the popular song composer.

Mrs. J. M. Furman entertained the members of the Caladorea club at a thimble party yesterday afternoon at her home on Topeka avenue.

Miss Edith Isbell has returned from a visit in Kansas City and Lawrence.

Miss Nellie Hendricks of Osage City, is the guest of Miss Mabel Chase.

Mrs. Will Church and children who have been spending several weeks in the city, have returned to Wichita.

The Entre Nous club is spending the day at Fort Riley.

SNAP SHOTS AT HOME NEWS.

Governor Lewelling is in Wichita today.

J. G. Wood is the orator at Silver Lake today.

The gutters of the paved streets were flushed last night.

The latest popular song is "Coxey Keep Off the Grass."

The regular Decoration day drizzle arrived on time this morning.

Associate Justice Johnson begins work early and leaves his desk at noon.

Major J. K. Hudson is at Ottawa today as the Decoration day orator.

Brigadier General Clemens of the Coxey home guards wants a uniform.

General, Colonel or Captain H. H. Artz will be 44 years old on his next birthday.